Mosquita y Mari

By Aurora Guerrero
Hurry, Yoli.
(loud music)
Whoa, shit!
(School bell rings)
Why'd you leave, girl?
I stayed for a little bit.
It was tight, huh?
It was sick!
So then let's go again today?
Again... It's Tuesday.
Everyday's a Friday for her.
You know what? That's not cool.
Is that my lipgloss?
It'd better not be my lipgloss.
Mom gave it to me...
Mom gave it to me.
How many times do I have
to tell you! It's mine!
Stop lying, it's mine!
I don't want you
going through my stuff.
Good day, Don Pedro!
Dona Herlinda!
(Dona Herlinda) Both.
He's looking.
Hey! Hey!
Damn it.
Olivia!
Olivia!
(Student chattering)
I was just talking about
alternate angles.
Interior, exterior. Ok?
They're all congruent.
Mr. G!
I'll be right with you.
We're going to go over it.
Mr. G!
It looks great, Yolanda.
Let's keep looking
at these over here.
You do understand this, right?
- Yes?
- Yes.
Yes?
Ok, Mari Rodriguez...
You're gonna have to share
until I get a copy of the textbook.
Yolanda, can you share
your textbook with her
and help her catch up?
And you're going to have
to turn that over.
It's off.
(Student Ooh and Ahh)
Ok, ok, relax.
Just make it disappear, ok?
What?
Nothing, you're my neighbor
is all.
And?
Do I owe you something?
I'm just saying.
You look like a little fly.
Pinche mosquita.
Ok.
I'm working on getting
your homework posted online.
Tomorrow, I do not want to hear,
"What was the homework, Mr. G?"
I love the excitement.
Wait, Cuata. I'm putting it
on my left eye.
That means you got to
put it on your right.
So did you guys
check out the new girl?
What's up with
that freakin' attitude?
Trying to act all tough and shit
in front of everyone.
Please. I think she's trouble.
Ay, Cuata.
You don't even know her, Vicky.
Neither do you!
Just saying. It must suck being
new at a big ass school.
People can be rude and stuff.
Ay, Yoli.
Here you go again with that holy santita bullshit.
It's getting real old.
I left that back in junior high.
I'm just saying.
Well, get over it.
That's what I'm saying.
Don't trip off her girl.
She's just feeling off and shit.
Yeah, I guess.
(School bell rings)
She's just bitchy right now
cuz she started her period
and I didn't.
(School bell rings)
What's up with Mr. G?
Why does he always
give us a lot of homework?
I don't know, man.
I don't know what's up.
This is geometry.
He has to calm down.
Shit, you're smoking
a joint, Yoli?
Right, Cuata?
Dude, it smells like weed.
Maybe that's how
her number two smells.
You're so stupid!
Hey!
What the hell?
You think you're
some kind of hot shit?
I am hot shit, dumbass.
Crazy bitch!
Hey! Hey!
Alright, who's got it?
Hey, don't look at me.
We don't know either.
Let's just see
what the office knows.
Mari.
Thank you.
Thanks for pushing me out in time.
My parents would have freaked out over something like this.
So what'd the Dean say?
I flushed that roach down the toilet so all they could do is warn me: next time I'm out.
Out?
Yeah. They said I could make it easier on myself if I just drop out and get my GED.
They're stupid.
It's not that crazy.
But what about college?
It's a waste of time.
It's not a waste of time.
It is for me.
Look, after school we can meet up.
We'll go through my Geometry book and go over whatever other stuff.
History, English...
Weekdays are good.
Weekends too.
One of that.
Thank you.
I don't know about studying on the weekends.
You know, if you do good, it's like the biggest...
Even if you don't go to college, just imagine having the chance to shove those grades in their faces.
They'd feel so stupid.
I have all the homework.
We can start today.
You know you don't
owe me shit, right? 
I know. 
Mama!
(Music plays from the TV)
(TV turns off)
Please Mari?
Nope!
We should play some Ska while doing our homework.
You won't be able to focus.
Yeah, but it'll make it fun.
Hello, my daughter.
Hello.
No. Damn!
You ok?
I found it in my mom's drawer.
You look nice, Mari.
Yeah?
Yeah.
Mom's calling you.
Let's break up into groups.
You three, Chapter 10.
You three in the middle,
Chapter 11.
Chapter 10 on the outside.
You three also Chapter 11
and Chapter 10.
Oops.
Douche!
Skank!
She's calling you.
Hop on already!
Hold on.
But not too tight.
Just like that.
Alright.
No, no, no, no, no!
Wait! My turn, my turn!
- You better not drop me!
- I'm not! I'm not!
- Promise.
- I promise.
I hope you end up liking Huntington Park.
Why wouldn't I?  
Cuz sometimes the air  
smells like pan dulche  
and others say  
it smells like chemicals.  
Or like the Las Cuatas say,  
"It smells like ass."  
Holy...  
Are you okay?  
What did I say!  
Alright, that's enough.  
Oh, shit. It's open.  
We should go, Mari.  
Come on, Mosquita.  
"I love Chuy."  
"Hydo Y Rusbi por vida."  
"Guera Y Chaparra friends forever."  
"Mosquita y Mari."  
Fuck the rest.  
Whenever anybody  
gets on our nerves,  
this'll be our  
"kick it" spot.  
This is private property, Mari.  
We can't just make it our own.  
It's not like anybody's gonna  
come here anytime soon.  
"Smurf is my man.  
All bitches stay away."  
Yeah, you fight for your  
little blue man, dumbass.  
I bet you that guy Smurf  
got his name  
from wearing his  
ugly-ass shorts.  
What?  
Nothing.  
Smurfette.  
Oh, hell, no!  
Gotcha.  
Look, you can do the recording  
and me and Vera  
can do the rest. Ok?
We're going to be doing a random survey. Right, Cuata?
Yeah, random survey.
But what kinda survey?
Just press this button to record, ok?
What's up with you questioning your long-term friends about shit?
So here we are at my high school.
And we're gonna be doing a random survey where we're get to ask guys if they've ever popped a boner in school.
Ay, Cuata.
What? It's just a question!
Anyways, we get to talk to some cute-ass guys.
Or what? You don't want to talk to them?
I never said that.
Well, then record me.
Hey! Have you guys ever popped a boner in school?
No.
Whatever. Liars!
I don't know.
Maybe once or twice?
I don't know.
(whispering) No way.
And how did you hide it?
Come on. Can you stop asking me that?
Hey, have you ever popped a boner in school?
Yeah, when I saw your mom.
Your mom, bitch.
I'll probably just block it with these books. Like this.
Wouldn't it hurt?
Uh, I don't think so.
What about, like
if you need to stand up,
like, the teacher tells you to
write something on the board?
I'll carry my books like this.
Oh, my god, I know him!
Go ask him, Yoli!
- I'm not gonna ask him!
- Go ask him!
Dude, stop acting
like that again.
Hey, she has something
she wants to tell you.
Well...
What?
Have you ever
popped a boner at school?
Yeah.
How about right now?
You getting one
just talking to her?
Vicky, just turn it off already!
It's getting boring.
I was going to anyway. Damn!
I'm sorry. That was stupid.
When two angles
and a side of a triangle
are congruent to two angles
and a side of a second triangle,
what does that prove?
I didn't get that far
in the book.
Just remember "ass,"
like in culo,
but spelled A-A-S.
It stands for Angle-Angle-Side.
Easy, huh?
The culo theorem. Got it.
Look, stupid.
Those sissies
suppose to inspire us?
It's better than,
"Smurf is my man,
all bitches stay away. "
I'll go with
the little blue man.
It's not that bad.
Yes!
There's a pot in here.
Know what they called her?
Guadalupe la frutería.
The grading scale
is on the board.
Mari...
Forget this shit.
It just means we have
to work a little harder.
I'll meet you at the shop
so don't even trip.
We can't meet up?
I have some stuff to take care
of for my mom, you know.
Maybe later.
Yeah, ok.
- Hey.
- Hey.
How long you going to be
doing that on Pacific?
As long as it takes.
Why you getting like
all gloomy and shit?
Not even.
We're gonna meet
at the shop tomorrow?
Yeah, don't worry.
I'll make it work.
I'm just saying...
I know, Yoli.
But it's not all I'm about.
(TV plays in the background)
Ok, stop.
Stop! Stop!
Stop.
First tell me what
you're thinking about.
Nothing...
Just about my parents.
What about them?
I was remembering this one day,
awhile back.
My dad put on this CD he bought
off this guy on Pacific.
He put it on then went and
pulled out this old cowboy hat
I've never seen him in.
Then he approached my mom
and then they waltzed
around the room...
Not caring about their usual,
resting up for work
the next day.
It was like they were
somewhere else for that moment.
It was kinda beautiful.
You think too much.
Come on, scaredy-cat.
What about your father?
He died.
Some sort of accident...
He used to drive one of those
big-ass 18-wheelers
up, down,
and all around this place.
Did he ever take you for a ride?
No...
He was always just too
happy to be home with us.
At least everyday
was different for him.
Different like today.
(siren wails)
(both singing)
They started to play...
To play...
Dancing with death!
I got to go...
Here.
Some guy who flyers
keeps eyeballing my shit.
This?
Fool, that's a classic.
(Music plays from the Walkman)
(Music plays from the Walkman)

Photos and videos.

Photos for passports.

Thank you.

Under a bunch of crap.

I made them find one.

Sorry it took so long, Mari.

Cool.

I never thought I'd hear you say that about a textbook.

Cool for when I can't meet up with you.

You know, makes it easier.

We're going to meet up at the shop today, aren't we?

Nah, I got that other stuff to do, remember?

I'll go with you.

Why not?

Crazy! That's not you.

How do you know that's not me?

I ain't playing, Yoli.

I can do my work at home.

Don't trip.

Don't even trip, girl.

We got your back.

We got plans for us to kick it after school and just have fun.

(Chattering, gossiping)

So are you like a freshman, a junior, a sophomore?

No, I'm a sophomore.

I remember when I used to be a sophomore.

(Yolanda) That's cool.

So you're a junior?

Yeah.

Oh, that's cool.

Yeah, you like it?

Yeah, so far.

I like your braid!

It's really long.
Who did it for you?
My little sister.
I can braid it
for you sometime.
That's be cool!
So who was that?
My best friend.
Need to talk to her
or something?
Are you sure?
Yeah.
So you want to come?
No, I'm ok.
Come with us, Yoli!
You'll have fun.
No, I'm ok.
Giving up the studies to hang
out with your little boyfriend?
He's not my boyfriend.
Yeah, he's probably a faggot.
He's just someone me and
Las Cuatas know from school.
Why do you care?
Please.
If you want to hang out
with the twiddle-dums
and the rest of them,
that's on you, stupid.
Stupid you.
Yeah, whatever.
Yeah, whatever.
Photos and videos.
Photos for passports.
What?
The Walkman.
You told me to hold onto it
so that guy
doesn't eyeball it.
Go play with your little
boyfriend or something.
Boo!
Come on, let's go!
You're finished?
Am I speaking Chinese
or something? Come on!
This ain't even
a real video game, Mari.
Yeah, it's a piece of shit!
Get off my lane!
Dude, not even!
I'm not on your lane!
Oh, is that right?
Oh, look at me!
I'm coming up in second.
That's right. Touch it now!
That's what I thought!
(Game) New personal best!
I don't have anymore change.
Mosquita!
(Music plays from the Walkman)
It's my jam right here!
(Both singing to song)
Thank you.
Tell me something...
Something you never told anyone.
I was five when we left
my grandma to come here.
My dad wanted her to
come with us, but she refused.
I still remember how
everyone was afraid of her
because she took care
of hers no matter what.
But she would always take me
on these walks to this river,
and we'd make tortas
with beans and cheese.
And we'd eat until we
couldn't take it anymore.
And we'd just lay there
and watch the birds fly.
She said if I really wanted to,
I could hear the wind
going through their feathers
as they flapped by.
And I swear to you,
for a moment, I could.
Ten years from now,
I'm gonna save up
and visit my grandma
in Xalapa Mexico.
By then, who cares
if I can't make it back?
Ten years from now,
I want to-
Be a doctor or lawyer.
I don't even know.
Maybe a truck driver?
Are you gonna ride with me?
You can take me
to my grandma's.
You can stay if you want.
Yeah, I could see that.
Yoli.
Hello.
You gotta get back
to your homework!
Yoli! Yoli!
Yoli!
Yolanda!
Come on! I'm ready.
Put a streak on each side,
and these are going to
look real cute, ok?
Yolanda?
No.
of course.
Thank you.
Yolanda...
Look, um. I've got
these college pamphlets
and I was thinking maybe
you could take a look at them.
And we could talk about how
to get you a tour to visit them.
You know? Maybe one weekend?
That sound exciting?
- Yeah.
- Ok.
I won't lose sight.
Mari?
Yeah?
No chocolate.
Peanut butter and jelly ok?
Yeah.
Alright.
It looks nice.
Come on.
Yes, that's ok.
Thank you.
Oh, come on.
Not like this.
Like this.
See! That's what
I'm talking about.
That says, "I'm here!"
No... "We're here."
Yeah, it's me and you for life.
Your parents?
Don Pedro's.
(Music plays from the stereo)
Just for a little bit.
I'm cold, Mari.
Ok, but just for a little bit.
You're probably going to go
far way for college, huh?
Wherever they accept us -
here, somewhere else.
Us?
I'm not helping you for nothing.
I can't afford it.
We'll figure it out.
Yeah?
We'll get into school.
We'll get away.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Hi, girls!
Hi, girls.
No?
Excuse me, but do you need help
with something by any chance?
In anything? No?
I got a booger on my face
or something?
Stupid.
Then?
Yesterday, was kinda...
I don't know.
You're making a big deal out of nothing.
Ok.
You can be so annoying sometimes.
You know that guy from the other day?
Las Cuatas' friend...
Well, he asked me to be his girlfriend.
He's more stupider than I thought.
Well, maybe I should say yes.
Why not?
If you don't want me to, I won't.
I already told you what I think.
Yeah, but-
Who cares? Just say yes.
I got real things to be thinking about.
Not that dumb kid shit.
- Mari!
- What!
Don't forget about the final on Monday.
Yes.
I'm sorry.
Ok! All your books, notes, backpacks under your desks.
Nothing but pens, pencils, and calculators out.
Just relax. You'll all do great.
Ok! Everyone with a test, you may begin!
You may begin.
(Students chattering)
Hi, how are you?
Every Saturday night...
Come on, man. Hurry up.
Perv.
Join us every Saturday night.
Mari!
Hey!
Hey!
(knocking on door)
(School bell rings)
Mr. G, can I take
Mari's final to her?
Sorry, Yolanda. Not a final.
She's gonna have
to come get it herself.
Thanks, Mr. G.
Good work!
No!
My love.
(loud music plays,
kids laughing)
Scoot over, Yoli.
I like this song!
Yoli, you're gonna
start again
with that
holy santita bullshit?
No, I've done it before.
Well, then hit it!
It was different.
Come on, a joint is a joint.
(All sounds fade away
leaving only music )
What's wrong?
Stop the car. Stop the car!
What the hell, Yoli!
Look, stop!
It's ok, dude. Ok?
Just on a trip.
Just get back in the car.
You'll feel much better!
- Just shut up, Cuata!
- I'm walking home.
Yoli, don't be like that.
- Alright, then go!
- I will!
You know, it's not like
we give a shit!
Good! Cuz I don't
give a shit either!
Let's just go, Cuata.